THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA

—UTILE DULCI.—

Vol. III. *Saturday, July* 8, 1797. No. 127.

IPHIGENIA DIGBY.

A TALE.

THE golden Phœbus shot forth a timorous ray from the splendid mantle of the purpled west, and with his departing glance strewed a rich and luxuriant edulgence on every surrounding object. The soft refreshing zephyrs mildly attempered the excessive heat of the delightful evening. the tottering foliage of the venerable oaks, which formed a kind of romantic wilderness near the country villa of General Digby, afforded a delicious cool retreat. To this earthly paradise the charming Iphigenia Digby had retired, to meditate on her beloved Alfred Mortimer, whose long and tedious absence had so often ruffled her gentle bosom. "Ah!" sighed she, "in what clime is my Mortimer now wandering! How many numerous rivers and raging oceans now divide us! In this sweet spot how often have I listened to his rapturous tale of love! Beneath yon tall majestic oak did we part; there he pressed me to his throbbing bosom in all the anguish of despair. Yes, that moment is ever present to my fancy; I yet behold the manly tear

"Stand trembling in his eye,
And the deep sighs, though half suppress'd, escape
The confines of his breast."

Here she seated herself, and feasted in all the luxury of meditation, a rustling in the trees awakened her slumbering senses. The gallant Captain Seymour stood before her; he had long sued for her love, but all in vain. Mortimer was not to be forgotten; no time, no absence, could erase the deep impression he had made upon her heart. Seymour was generous, and he now approached but with an intent to take a last farewell, for the next morning he was to embark for India, perhaps to return no more. The charming Iphigenia never appeared more interestingly beautiful than at this moment; the surprize added a freshness to her delicate cheeks, and a loose muslin dishabille shewed the symmetry of her fine turned shape to the greatest advantage. Her hair fell in profusion from beneath a small Leghorn hat, in which waved three nodding ostrich plumes. No wonder so beautiful a creature should create a passion in a breast so susceptible of every tender feeling as that of Seymour. To think of parting from such an object how cutting! To see her no more! the thought was perfect annihilation; however, it must be so; honour spoke within his breast. She was the mistress of a brother soldier, who, although he might not be alive, yet there was no convincing proof of his decease.—"Be not surprized, too beautiful Miss Digby," cried the Captain, "at once more beholding at your feet the unhappy Seymour; it is in all probability, the last time you will behold him, for to-morrow's sun will witness my departure from Albion's happy isle: pardon, therefore, this bold intrusion. I will own I could not for ever quit my native country without taking one last, one parting look at that celestial countenance. I know you never can be mine; no, my honour forbids the idea, therefore I will yield with resignation to my bitter fate." The eyes of the tender Iphigenia glistened with a tear, her bosom heaved a sigh. "You are too generous, Captain Seymour," was all the charming fair could articulate, extending her alabaster hand to raise him from his knees. He pressed it to his fluttering heart, then raised it to his lips. "It is too much," cried he, "but I must tear myself away; every glance but increases my fascination." Iphigenia turned, to avoid his perceiving her agitation; and with a faultering voice, once more raising her hand to his lips, he pronounced the terrible sentence, "Farewell! adieu for ever!" Then rising from his posture, was about to retreat.—"Stop, Sir," echoed a voice from the wood, the author of which instantly appeared, laying his hand upon his sword; "I must have satisfaction." It was Alfred Mortimer; he was unexpectedly returned from abroad, and impatient to see his Iphigenia, walked into the wilderness, where he was informed she was alone. He had been an invisible witness to the latter part of the conversation; it was enough to fire his jealousy, and he immediately suggested to himself the inconstancy of his mistress. "Good heavens! Mortimer for God's sake stop your rash hand," screamed the surprized Iphigenia, almost petrified with astonishment. He for a moment retreated, and, approaching, extended his arm to support the fluttered fair. "Oh! Iphigenia," said Mortimer, "what a reception, after three years absence!" darting a look of fury towards the innocent Seymour.—"Can you," re-echoed Miss Digby, "believe me to be inconstant, O Mortimer?" "Can my eyes deceive me?" replied the enraged lover, unsheathing his sword: Seymour was already in a situation to oppose him. "Stop one moment," reiterated Iphigenia, with a look so full of tenderness, that it was next to an impossibility to resist her, at the same time seizing his hand, "and I will," continued she, "convince you of my innocence. Appearances, I will own, are against me, and your violent affection for me has hurried you on to be thus hasty." "Your smile, Iphigenia, has conquered me," replied Mortimer, "and I will own myself to blame in judging too rashly. You are right in making my affection for you operate as a pardon: for I will candidly confess, that, to see you in the arms of another, would be worse than death to me."—"You have not yet heard the proofs of my innocence though," rejoined Miss Digby with a smile, half cast at the neglected Seymour. "Oh! as for that," replied Mortimer, "I have too much confidence in your word to distrust it. But really, Sir," continued he, turning to Seymour, "I am heartily ashamed of my hot-headed conduct in respect to you, and humbly supplicate your pardon." "No humble supplications are requisite," retorted Iphigenia; "Captain Seymour is a man of generous principles." "The former part of what you say madam, is very right," returned Seymour; "but as for the latter, I am afraid I am but too unworthy of such a compliment." Here the two gentlemen shook hands, and a promise of future friendship took place on the parts of them both. "It is now time for us to retire," said Iphigenia, "unless we mean to spend the night out of doors," taking hold of Mortimer's arm. The sun was now intirely set, and the silver Cynthia had already taken her place, and shone throughout the foliage of the surrounding wood with a softened, but undiminished lustre. The scene was highly picturesque and beautiful, and rendered the walk home truly enchanting. When they arrived at General Digby's door, Seymour took his final leave of the two lovers, as his voyage to India rendered it impossible for him to see them again before his departure. Soon after this period the happy Mortimer and his beloved Iphigenia were united in the bands of wedlock. And as for Seymour, he arrived at Calcutta without the least impediment, and, from his merit, in a short time he was in possession of a very lucrative place under Government, and in five years made a matrimonial connection with the only daughter and heiress of a rich merchant; not that he was ever able to forget the charming Iphigenia, but knowing her to be wife to another, he had philosophy enough in his nature to enable him to seek, in the smiles of an amiable, chaste and beautiful female, for what it was impossible to find in those of the accomplished Mrs. Mortimer. A friendly correspondence now subsists between the families of Seymour and Mortimer, and a voyage to England is shortly intended by the family first mentioned, the Captain having already realized a very genteel competency.

A curious and momentous Calculation.

THE difference between rising every morning at six, and at eight, in the course of forty years, (supposing a person to go to bed at the same times he otherwise would) amounts to 20,300 hours, or 2 years, 321 days, 16 hours, which will afford 8 hours a day, for exactly 10 years: so that 'tis just the same as if 10 years of life (a weighty consideration) were to be added in which we might command 8 hours every day, for the cultivation of our minds in knowledge and virtue, or the dispatch of other business.

N. B. This calculation is made without regard to the Bissextile, which reduces it to 2 years, 111 days, 16 hours; and at 8 hours a day, will want about a month of 10 years.

THE SPECTRE.

A FRAGMENT.

"THIS," said Gothmund, "is the turret which I am told is haunted by a ghost, which appears in armour; here will I stay. The curfew has already tolled the knell of day; the moon has reached her summit, the little stars, as if influenced by the presence of their sovereign, sparkle with uncommon lustre, and all is tranquil and serene." His polished armour glittered with the rays the heavenly Cynthia imparted through the gratings of the window, a nodding plume waved in his helmet, and his sword was fast clinched in his hand. A dreadful silence reigned through the whole castle, and the murmuring of the boisterous ocean, whose vast waves washed the foundation, increased the solemnity of the scene. On a sudden the queen of night, as if unconscious of her use, sunk beneath a ponderous cloud of black. Boreas, with a hollow tone, burst from his cavern, the ivyed walls of the ancient building shook, the forked lightning glared through every aperture of time, and the loud bellowing thunder raged with new-born force. Gothmund's soul shrunk within him, a huge door flew open, a dazzling light shone from it, and the figure of a man in complete black armour, waving a truncheon, stood before him—he sunk upon one knee. "Courageous youth," cried the Spectre, with a dreadful groan, "thus to brave the works of night; thy strength of mind is worthy of my confidence, and to thee will I unfold a tale of woe, which appears alone engraven on the books of fate. Know, I am the ghost of Oswald, once the lord of this castle; and sleeping in bed, unconscious of evil, was murdered by a traitor. I have not power to tell thee more; but haste away, fly from this land of horror, where nothing but infernal demons preside." Gothmund arose, fear no longer subdued, he bowed to the unfortunate shade: it approached into the turret; Gothmund retired. An awful crack of thunder was heard, the lightning flashed, and the apparition sunk to night. Cynthia now reassumed her seat, and the elements were again at peace. Gothmund pursued his way to the court-yard, darted upon his palfrey, and hurried across the plain, thinking of nothing but his dire adventure.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Solution to the *Enigmatical Basket of Fruit*, contained in No. 125, June 24.

1. Pip*k*in changing the *k* into *p*,—Pippin.
2. Cher*ub*" and *wry*—Cherry.
3. Pe*ace* ar*t*—Pear.
4. Cur r ant—Currant.
5. Rai*l* sin—Raisin.
6. A Plumb.
7. Gra*tor* ange*r*—Orange.
8. Gre*ece* ape—Grape.
9. Pe*a*ch—Peach.
10. Nectar *W*ine—Nectarine.
11. Quin*t* ace—Quince.
12. Mel*pomene* Onyx—Melon.

A. B.

* I believe Mr. Q. must have made a mistake when he wrote three-fifths of an Angel, and that it ought to have been two-thirds.

MAXIM.

WE do not always like people the better, for paying us *all* the court which we ourselves think our due.

AMELIA: OR THE FAITHLESS BRITON.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

[*Continued.*]

BUT a short time had elapsed after this fatal step, when the mandate of the commanding officer obliged Dolisicus to prepare for joining his corps. A silent but pungent sense of indiscretion, added to the anguish which Amelia felt in the hour of separation; and not all his strong assurances of inviolable truth and attachment, with the soothing prospect of an honorable avowal of their union could efface the melancholy impressions of her mind. The farmer, at whose house the fictitious marriage had been rehearsed, was employed to manage their future correspondence; and Dolisicus, finally, left the cottage with vows of love and gratitude at his lips; but schemes of fraud and perjury in his heart. The small distance from New-York, where he was quartered, rendered it easy to maintain an epistolary intercourse; which became during its continuance, the only gratification of Amelia's existence. Its continuance, however, exceeded not a few weeks. Dolisicus soon assumed a formal and dispassionate style, the number of his letters gradually diminished, and every allusion to that marriage, which was the last hope and consolation of Amelia, he cautiously avoided.

But an event, that demanded the exercise of all her fortitude, now forced itself upon Amelia's thoughts. She was pregnant, yet could neither resort for council and comfort to the father whom she had deceived, or obtain it from the lover by whom she had been seduced. In the tenderest and most delicate terms she communicated her situation to Dolisicus, emphatically called upon him to rescue her reputation from obliquy, and solicitously courted his return to the cottage, or, at least, that he would disclose to Horatio the secret of their union. To prevent any accident, the farmer was prevailed upon to be the bearer of the paper which contained these sentiments, and, on his return produced the following epistle.

"Madam,

The sudden death of my father will occasion my embarkation for England to morrow. It is not therefore possible to visit the cottage before my departure; but you may be assured, that I still entertain the warmest gartitude for the favors which were there conferred upon me by the virtuous Horatio, and his amiable daughter.

Although I do not perfectly comprehend the meaning of some expressions you have employed, I perceive that you stand in need of a confidential person, to whom you may reveal the consequence of an indiscreet attachment? and from my knowledge of his probity (of which you are likewise a judge) no man seems more conveniently situated, or better calculated for that office than the worthy farmer who delivered your letter. To him, therefore, I have recommended you; and lest any pecuniary assistance should be necessary on this occasion, I have entrusted him with a temporary supply, directing him in what manner he may, from time to time, obtain a sum adequate to your exigencies.

The hurry of package and adieues, compels me abruptly to subscribe myself,

Madam,

Your most devoted, humble Servant,

DOLISCUS."

"Gracious God!" exclaimed Amelia, and fell senseless to the ground. For a while, a convulsive motion shook her frame, but, gradually subsiding, the flame of life seemed to be extinct, and all her terrors at an end. The poor farmer, petrified with horror and amazement, stood gazing on the scene; but the exertions of his homely spouse, at length, restored Amelia to existence and despair.

It has often been observed that despondency begets boldness and enterprise; and the female heart, which is susceptible of the gentlest sentiment, is likewise, capable of the noblest fortitude. Amelia perceived all the baseness of the desertion meditated by Dolisicus, she foresaw all its ruinous consequences upon Horatio's peace, her own character, and the fate of the innocent being which she bore, and, wiping the useless tears from her cheek, she resolved publicly to vindicate her honour, and assert her rights. Animated then, with the important purpose, supported by the presumption of her marriage, and hoping yet to find Dolisicus in New-York, she immediately repaired to that city—but, alas! he was gone! This disappointment, however, did not defeat, nor could any obstacle retard the prosecution of her design: a ship that sailed the succeeding day wafted her to Britain friendless and forlorn.

Innumerable difficulties and inconveniences were encountered by the inexperienced traveller, but they vanished before the object of her pursuit: and even her entrance into London, that chaos of clamour and dissipation, produced no other sensations than those which naturally arose from her approach to the dwelling of Dolisicus.

Amelia recollected that Dolisicus had often described the family residence to be situated in Grosvenor-place, and the Stage, in which she journeyed, stopped in the evening, at a public house in Picadilly, she determined, without delay, to pay him her unexpected and unwelcome visit. The embarrassed and anxious manner with which she enquired for his house, exposed her to unjust surmise and senseless ribaldry; but her grief rendered her incapable of observation, and her purity was superior to insult.

Dolisicus had arrived about a fort-night earlier than Amelia. The title, influence, and fortune which devolved upon him in consequence of his father's death, had swelled his youthful vanity to excess, and supplied him with a numerous retinue of flatterers and dependents. At the moment that he was listening in extacy to that servile crew, the victim of his arts, the deluded daughter of the man to whom he was indebted for the preservation of his life, stood trembling at his door. A gentle rap, after an awful pause of some minutes, procured her admission. Her memory recognized the features of the servant that opened the door; but it was not the valet who had attended Dolisicus at the cottage, she remembered not where or when she had seen him.

After considerable solicitation the porter consented to call Dolisicus from his company, and conducted Amelia into an anti-chamber to wait his arrval. A roar of laughter succeeded the delivery of her message, and the word *assignation* which was repeated on all sides, seemed to renovate the wit and hilarity of the table. The gay and gallant host, inflamed with Champaign, was not displeased at the imputation, but observed that as a lady was in the case, it was necessary to apologize for a short desertion of his friends and wine.

(To be continued.)

JULIA;

OR THE UNFORTUNATE.

"HA!" cried the beautiful Victoria Beaumont, to her friend Hermione Cholmondeley, as they were returning from an evening taunter in Mr. Cholmondeley's elegant park, "what heavenly notes of symphony are those which we hear!—they seem to emanate from yonder grove." "So they do," answered Hermione; "but be silent a moment, listen to the sweet voice which accompanies them; let us rest upon the beach before us." Here the young ladies seated themselves, and listened with profound attention: at length the voice ceased, and they again continued their walk. "Do you see the white cottage that appears in the midst of yon green thicket?" said Miss Cholmondeley. "Yes," replied her fair friend. "That," continued Hermione, "is the habitation of our invisible musician, the unfortunate Julia. Poor unhappy maid, it is now two years since the death of her betrothed lover Eugenius, and ever since that fatal period have the intellects of the gentle maid been degraded. but we will enter the copse, and we may perhaps see her. Beneath yon tuft of cyprus are the remains of her Eugenius interred, and she spends most of her time in weeping over them. Look, Victoria, there she sits, alas poor Julia." Would to heaven I had the pen of the inimitable Yorick to describe the lovely maid. "But see," continued Hermione, "she observes us; do not let us interrupt her." "Nay, angelic nymphs," cried the unhappy Julia, "fly not this hallowed grove; the feet of innocence cannot pollute it. Here rests all that was ever dear to the lost Julia. But tread softly, lest you awaken him from his slumber—for he only sleeps—and then the dear, dear youth would chide; yes, he would chide his Julia—But whither am I running? he is dead. Yes, undone Julia, the remains of my adored Eugenius are mouldering into dust. But mark me—I have one comfort; this heavy head will soon be laid on his cold breast—soon will these arms unfold to wrap him to my bosom." Here, with a majestic tread, her flowing sables streaming in the wind, she quitted the copse; crying, on her departure, "watch, gentle angle, watch over his precious remains." Victoria and Hermione were left almost without motion, such power have the miseries of mankind over the heart of sensibility; at length, however, they pursued their walk, and returned to the house. What a pleasing sensation is sensibility, how grateful to a tender mind! and what a prodigious scope was there, here for the exertion of every sympathetic feeling! A few revolving days fulfilled the prophetic speech of the lovely unfortunate, for she breathed her last. How resignedly did she sink! No strong convulsive struggle foretold the approach of her last moments. Her gentle bosom heaved—but not with guilty terror—it was with joy, heavenly, celestial joy—the name of Eugenius quivered on her expiring lips. How expressive of her fate is the following line from a celebrated author—

She, like a lily drooping, bow'd her head and died. GAY.

Farewel, Julia—thy future eternal happiness will repay all thy earthly misery.

SORROW.

SWEET is the look of sorrow for an offence,
In a heart determined never to commit it more!
—upon that altar only could I offer up my wrongs.

ON THE POWERS OF FANCY.

WHEN vexing cares are far away
No troubles intervene,
How pleas'd o'er pleasure's fields we stray
Whilst fancy glides the scene.

Then doth each aromatic flower
A double fragrance yield;
The thorn, by fancy's magic power
Is by the rose conceal'd.

When nature in her gayest mood
To pleasure doth invite,
Then we confess that all is good
"Whatever is, is right."

Let sorrow's sable train appear,
The prospect, then, how sad!
The serpent whispers in our ear
That all heaven's works are bad.

In youth, our minds, like yielding wax,
By fancy are impress'd;
Sly cupid levies, then, his tax,
And is by all confess'd.

The deity, whose pleasing sway
Their hearts incline to own,
An unconstrain'd obedience pay,
And bend before his throne;

Then doth the God, with hope and fear,
Alternate fill each heart,
And fancy in her proper sphere
Doth all her powers impart.

Should jealousy step in, alas!
Then fancy forms our view,
And with her multiplying glass
Makes of each evil two.

In age, youth's pleasures please no more,
We find our plans derang'd,
Think, pleasure's chang'd its pleasing power
When we ourselves are chang'd.

Then reason doth to us disclose
What fancy had conceal'd,
A thorn beneath the blushing rose
Lies to our eyes reveal'd

A singular Passage in the Life of the Sultan AMROU.

AMROU, Sultan of Gazna, engaging in a war with Ismael Samain, Sultan of Karisma, had the misfortune to be taken prisoner.

The conqueror ungenerously confined his captive in a citadel, where he was closely and narrowly guarded. The Prince, overwhelmed with fatigue, and not having eat any thing all day, begged of his guards that they would give him some nourishment. They brought him a morsel of meat, to be dressed at the same fire at which the unfortunate Sultan warmed himself. Whilst Amrou waited impatiently till his supper was ready, a little dog, not less famished than himself, happened to snatch away the pittance, and immediately made off. The Sultan, whose first movement was to pursue the thief, soon perceiving himself stopped by a chain, laughed very heartily. The guards, whose compassion he had excited, hastened to repair the loss, and enquired, with astonishment, what could excite his laughter in the deplorable situation he was in? "I cannot forbear laughing at myself," replied the prince. "This morning in giving orders for battle, I saw marching in my train three hundred asses, which the grand master of the household assured me were hardly sufficient to carry my kitchen, and this night I have seen a little dog carry it in his jaws."

A STRANGE STORY.

THE roads through the republican territory continue to be infested by robbers, insomuch that those who have occasion to travel, having been apprised by the public prints of the number of assassinations committed by those brigands, no longer expose themselves by night on the public roads. The Brigands, thus finding their plans defeated, have adopted another mode, of which one of them became the victim a few days ago.

In the village of Trappe, about a league distant from Versailles, a traveller found himself benighted. The roads in the vicinity being unsafe, he determined to sleep there. He entered into a small tavern, and conversed with the wife, in whose conversation he thought he could distinguish an honest heart. Just as he was on the point of going to bed, at half past ten o'clock, he heard some one entering the house: he listened gently at the door, to discover whether it was the landlord of the tavern, who was absent on his arrival. The first words he heard were addressed by the wife to the husband: "Have you found any game this evening?" No, replied the husband. We have some above stairs, said the wife. They now went in, and the traveller heard no more. His situation was terrible. To remain where he was, was dangerous, to make a pretext for going out, still more so. He stirred the cinders, as if in the act of covering the fire, let his shoes fall, and, in a word, made pretty nearly the noise of a person going to bed. He now seated himself on the bed, kept his pistols and sword in readiness, and expected, not without agitation, the moment when he foresaw he should be attacked. At midnight, the noise of a ladder placed against the wall, and that of a trap raised at the bed side, convinced him of the attempt which was about to be made. He crept by the foot of the bed, and at the instant when the tavern keeper had half entered the room, he made a cut at his head with a sabre. The latter fell into the apartment below. The light being extinguished, the woman who mistook her wounded husband for the traveller, laid hold of him and cut his throat. At this moment the trampelling of horses was heard: the traveller looked out at the window, and perceived a body of Gendarmes who were returning from escorting the mail. He gave an alarm, and the Gendarmes forced the door. The traveller told the story. The Gendarmes seized both him and the woman, and conducted them to prison at Versailles, where they are now trying by the Criminal Tribunal of the Department of Seine and Oise.

JAMES MOLAN,

SURGEON DENTIST AND MAN-MIDWIFE,

No. 7 Prune street, or Shippen's Alley,

AFTER visiting the principal islands in the West-Indies, where he executed his Profession, and was employed as a Surgeon, both in the English and French Hospitals, has returned to Philadelphia. He cleans, scales, and makes artificial Teeth; performs every operation in the human Mouth, extracts teeth and stumps with peculiar ease.

N B The poor may have his assistance gratis.

Jan. 21.

COURT OF APOLLO.

—***—

TO HEALTH.

HEALTH, rosy nymph, the pleasing boon
Of happiness thou can'st bestow——
Without thee, life's best journey soon
Becomes a pilgrimage of woe.

Shunning the palace, did'st thou dwell
With slav'ry in his gloomy cell,
More blest the captive in the mine,
Than he for whom the metals shine.

But no—thy haunt cannot be there
Th' abode of pining misery,
Where the sad bosom of despair
Heaves with unpity'd agony——

Nor, wanton, dost thou love to sport,
In pleasure's gay delusive court—
Over the gem-imbossed vase,
To smile in Bacchus' ruddy face.

Thou fly'st th' intoxicating bowl,
Fountain of madness and disease,
Whose wild and absolute controul,
The vanquish'd reason sways.

Thou shun'st the fragrant myrtle groves,
Which the Paphian Venus loves—
Where, while Pan pipes a roundelay,
Th' unblushing nymphs and satyrs play.

Ah, Modest Health, from scenes like these,
Thou turn'st thy steps aside, to haste
And catch the balmy morning breeze,
Its spirit-giving breath to taste;

Where bath'd in view some valley lies,
Or up a mountain's woody rise—
Whence stretching to the eastern sky,
Bright rural prospects greet the eye.

Here, a deep forest widely spread,
Its variegated foliage shows,——
There, rolling thro' a flowry mead,
With rapid course, a river flows

On to the sea—where meets the view
Thro' opening hills its bosom blue,
Save when a white-sail flies the gale before,
Or a wave breaks upon the rocky shore.

And as thou dart'st thy looks around,
O'er the lively landscape smiling,
More blythe the ploughman's carols sound,
His tedious furrow'd way beguiling——

More sweet the birds their songs renew,—
More fresh each blooming flowret's hew——
From every valley springs, without alloy,
A general cheerfulness—a burst of joy.

—***—

EPIGRAM *on* CHEEK-KISSING.

ONE day I strove to kiss fair Nell,
She look'd, kind gents so sleek;
Who can my disappointment tell,
When she turn'd up her cheek!

"Why thus, my fair-one?" I reply'd,
"Is this the leading ton?"
"O sure, kind sir it is," she cry'd,
"Of late quite common grown."

THE FATAL MISTAKE;

Or, THE HISTORY OF MR. ELLIOT.

[WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.]

(Continued.)

I reached the habitation of Mr. Osburn just time enough to take a last farewell; the violence of his disorder had left him very weak, and death made quick approaches to the excellent heart of this worthy man. I drew near his bed with the tendereſt emotions, and taking his cold hand between mine; "My dearest sir, how painfully does this sight affect your Frederick! Ah that I could remove every pang far from you!" I could not restrain my tears: he faintly prested my hand, and in a voice hardly articulate, he delivered himself as follows: "It pains me my dear boy, to be obliged to part with you; but it is the decree of heaven, and I submit. I leave you, Frederick, in the possession of a large estate that was your father's to which I have added my own: I have no relations who stand in need of wealth, and to none can I give it whom I love like you. Remember it is virtue alone, that renders riches valuable. When you come to this solemn period, to which you must, may no bad action discompose your dying moments; you have an excellent heart and are in no danger of deviating from the narrow road of rectitude, but from the violence of your passions. Be careful to avoid every thing that may lead you into mistake and error. Farewel, my excellent boy; remember the last injunctions of a man who had a real affection for you."

Articulation was stopped, and I could only express my sorrow by sighs and tears. The clergyman of the parish now came to Mr. Osburn, and I was obliged to leave him. He soon retired, and informed me that his friend was on the verge of eternity. When I entered Mr. Osburn's chamber, I found him speechless; however by his motions he convinced me he was sensible. I embraced him in the greatest agony of grief: but, alas! he could not return it; he looked at me with expressive marks of affection, and gently breathed his last in my arms. I was for a few hours so totally absorbed in sorrow, that I hardly knew whether I myself existed; but youth and the appearance of my Edward, who, on hearing of my loss, flew to console me, had its usual influence, and I again recalled my thoughts from the grave of my guardian, to the world and society.

When I opened Mr. Osburn's will, I found he had bequeathed to me the whole of his estate, which amounted to more than two thousand per annum, which joined to my paternal inheritance, made me possessed of eight thousand a year. My gratitude was infinitely excited by his generosity; and except a legacy of five hundred pounds to Mr. Harpur, the clergyman I have mentioned there was no other bequest. I paid the money immediately, and added a thousand pounds, as his family were large. Having settled my affairs, I left the abode of my late guardian, and accompanied Lord Somerset to town. The fair Almena and her amiable mother, received me with the utmost kindness, every thing in the power of these dear friends to dissipate my melancholy was exerted, yet could I not banish from my remembrance the good Mr. Osburn.

I was roused from my lethargy by lady Almena's having a declared lover. Lord Ashford was a nobleman of reputed worth, and I believe truly attached to my friend's sister. Lady Somerset seemed to approve the proposed alliance; my Edward was silent, and Almena appeared unhappy. Thus were we situated when I was determined to lay aside every fearful apprehension, and declare my latent flame. I had soon after an opportunity of revealing the state of my heart to the fair cause of my anxiety. Lady Almena was one day writing in her brother's study, when I entered thinking he was there: she blushed and started; but seeing me about to retire, "Mr Elliot," said she, "my brother is from home, but as I have finished the note I was writing, I beg you will remain here until Lord Somerset comes back." I again entered the room, and seated myself by her. She rung for a servant, to whom she delivered the note, and was going to retire, when I took her hand, and intreated her to hear me. She did not know in what manner to proceed. I threw myself at her feet, and in the most respectful terms, declared how much I loved her. She listened with polite attention; and casting her eyes upon the ground, appeared greatly agitated. I was all painful suspense. "Speak Lady Almena, continued I, pronounce my fate: perhaps you despise my too presumptuous passion; perhaps your heart is already engaged; the merits of Lord Ashford have met your approbation, and I am wretched." "Sorry should I be," replied the dear charmer, "if the sister of Lord Somerset could willingly make wretched the friend on whom an only brother doats: no, Mr. Elliot, I despise affectation as much as I do coquetry; be assured, sir, Lord Ashford is perfectly indifferent to my heart, 'tis true, my mother espouses his cause, and pleads for him powerfully: but the happiness of her daughter has ever been her chief delight, nor will she insist on a circumstance that would render her miserable." "Ten thousand thanks, adorable Almena, for this condescension! Pardon my bold aspiring heart: may I not hope my unwearied assiduities may at last make an impression on your gentle nature in my favour!" She told me she did not, neither should she wish to throw me into despair, but begged leave to retire.

My friend soon after appeared, and seeing the joy that animated my countenance, congratulated me in the most affectionate manner. "Ah, Edward! exclaimed I, the dear Almena has not driven me to despair: she does not love Lord Ashford, and I may yet be happy."—"And who ever thought she did? Prythee, Frederick, do not encourage that horrid passion, jealousy, but rather crush it in its birth: no mortal but yourself would have imagined my sister had the least regard for Lord Ashford. You may command my interest in your favour with my mother: she is partial to his lordship, on account of a tender regard she entertained for his mother: but the happiness of Almena is a matter of too great importance to be trifled with and that no man but you could make her happy, I have long discovered."

(To be continued.)

EPIGRAM.

PAIR'd in wedlock, pair'd in life,
Husband, suited to thy wife:
Worthless thou, and worthless she;
Strange it is ye can't agree!

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